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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JULIAN HARTRIDGE

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND SENATE CHAMBER
MARCH 11, 1879.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JULIAN HARTRIDGE,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM GEORGIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,
FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1879.

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FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February* 24, 1879.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the late JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia, be printed; of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand for the use of the House of Representatives.

Attest:

GEO. M. ADAMS, *Clerk.*

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JULIAN HARTRIDGE.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 8, 1879.

Mr. COOK. Mr. Speaker, it is my painful duty to announce the death of my colleague, Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, which took place at his room in this city at six and a half o'clock this morning. At some future time I shall ask that a day be set for the consideration of appropriate obituary resolutions. I offer now the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring*), That a special joint committee of seven Members and three Senators be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to his late residence in Georgia; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of the following-named members as the committee on the part of the House under the second resolution: Mr. PHILIP COOK, of Georgia; Mr. SAMUEL S. COX, of New York; Mr. GEORGE C. CABELL, of Virginia; Mr. JOSEPH C. STONE, of Iowa; Mr. ROBERT H. M. DAVIDSON, of Florida; Mr. CARTER H. HARRISON, of Illinois; and Mr. JOHN I. MITCHELL, of Pennsylvania; and then, in accordance with the last resolution, the House (at twelve o'clock and twenty minutes p. m.) adjourned.

JANUARY 9, 1879.

Mr. COOK. I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the funeral ceremonies of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative in this body from the State of Georgia, be held at three o'clock p. m. this day in this Hall.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate, and invite the Senate to attend said funeral ceremonies.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Sympson, one of its clerks, announced the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That, pursuant to the invitation of the House of Representatives, the Senate will attend the funeral ceremony of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia, in the Hall of the House of Representatives this day at three o'clock.

At three o'clock the Senate of the United States, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and headed by the Vice-President of the United States, with the Secretary, the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court, and the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, entered the Hall, were properly announced, and were then conducted to the seats assigned them.

At fifteen minutes past three o'clock the casket containing the remains was brought into the Hall, preceded by the Chaplain of the House, the committee of arrangements, and the Senators and Representatives from Georgia.

The Chaplain of the House, Rev. W. P. HARRISON, D. D., read the ninetieth psalm and selections from the epistle according to Saint John, the book of Job, and the first epistle of Timothy. He then offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we are assembled together this day on a solemn occasion. It has pleased Thee in Thy mysterious providence to call from earth into eternity one whom we loved, a member of this House of Representatives, one of the chosen servants of this people. We can but bow, O God, in submission to this affliction of Thy providence, and we pray Thee that while we consider this day the death of our departed friend, oh impress upon us the solemn truth that we too are mortal, that we are passing away, that very soon the place that knows us now will know us here no more forever.

Oh Infinite Spirit, apply the lesson of this hour to every heart. Oh God, help us to reverence Thy name and Thy law and to fear Thee as the beginning of wisdom, to give Thee our heart-service, to dedicate our lives to Thy glory upon the earth, that we may fulfill every duty, that with fidelity in all things we may honor Thy name and serve our generation.

Oh God, look in pity, in tender compassion, upon the family of this deceased brother. Oh Thou that hast promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, care tenderly for them. Do Thou soften this heavy stroke by the consolations of Thy Holy Spirit; and as no man can minister to grief so deep and so dark, Oh Infinite God do Thou give solace, and in Thy compassion and Thy tender mercy may they find resignation and peace.

Go with us, Oh God, to the remainder of our life's short journey,

preparé us for every duty to Thee, to our country, to ourselves. May we be faithful to all trusts; may we serve Thee with a perfect heart, and when we too shall lie cold in death, when we shall appear in the presence of our Infinite Judge, oh God, grant unto us in the parting hour confidence in Thy mercy, trust in Thy redeeming power, and in the heaven of everlasting peace receive us all at last, through Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

The Chaplain next read selections out of the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle of Saint Paul to the Corinthians, and afterward addressed the House as follows:

All that is mortal, my beloved hearers, of JULIAN HARTRIDGE, Representative in the Congress of the United States from the State of Georgia, lies before us. Suddenly in a day, without warning, cut down as by a single stroke of the great reaper, Death. In the prime of life and vigor of his days his sun has gone down while it was yet high noon.

It is not my purpose to speak of him as a man, as a friend, and a public servant. This task belongs to other and more capable friends. Only those who knew him intimately, who knew him well in all the closer relations of private friendship, were fully prepared to appreciate his worth.

It may be permitted to me to echo what I believe to be the general sentiment of esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. As a man, frank in disposition, courteous in manner, generous in spirit, brave in principle, true to every trust reposed in him. As a man, modest, retiring, somewhat reticent, and therefore needed to be thoroughly and closely cultivated in order to be fully understood and appreciated. As a public servant, trusted in early life with the responsibilities of a high station among his fellow-citizens, repeatedly the subject of their choice in various public stations in his own State, and for nearly four years in this House a Representative of his people. Everywhere that he was known, by all with whom he came in con-

tact, I believe it to be simply true to say that he was thoroughly esteemed and fondly loved as a friend, as a man.

His mind was clear and logical, having the peculiar characteristics which qualified him for the thorough mastery of the science of the law. His life devoted to this profession, preferred by him above all others, it was but recently that he refused to be a candidate for renomination to the office which he had filled in this Government, preferring the private duties, the labors and toils and the promises of his own profession to public life.

A rapidly extending practice, a rapidly growing interest called his attention home; and so he was awaiting but the lapse of the few weeks that remain of this present Congress to retire to his native place and give himself wholly to the duties of the legal profession.

Alas, how frail are human expectations! How suddenly are our hopes blasted! Oh, how vain are the calculations of man trusting to a long life, to a prosperous and useful future! In a moment cut down and he himself summoned to the bar of his Judge!

While I leave to others to portray his character, as a minister of the everlasting gospel of the Son of God it becomes my duty to press upon your attention the solemn lesson of this hour. As he lies cold in the coffin to-day, you and I, my hearers, must lie before many days have passed away. It is but a trite statement of the truth, and it is one that we have avoided and have endeavored to put away from thought and conscience; but death is a certainty. Whatever else may happen to you and to me, we must die. If you or I were able to gather together all the wealth of the world we could not postpone, much less prevent, that solemn hour. Whatever station you may occupy in society, you may illustrate the glory of your country, you may write your names high upon the temple of fame, the world may be filled with the testimonials of its applause at your achievements, but though you stand in fame's highest niche, out of that you must come down and fill the narrow house of clay. The

warrior may grasp all the world as the prize of his skill on the battle-field, and while the wreath is being placed upon his brow the insidious archer, Death, shall strike his vitals with the poisoned arrow, and the wreath of fame will be transferred from the throbbing brow to the pale memory of a man that was.

However we may fulfill, however we may dignify, the trusts committed to our hands, faithful or unfaithful, true or untrue to them, in any event, in every event, this, among all uncertainties of time, this is certain—that we must die. Let us not put away the consideration of this thought because it is appalling, because it brings to the conscience and to the heart a tremor and a fear that is dreadful. We must consider it; it is wisdom to think of it; it is the highest wisdom to prepare for it and so to live as that whenever death may come we shall be prepared to answer the summons.

You, my fellow-countrymen, you who are representatives of this great people, having responsibilities intrusted to you as broad as the mighty land you serve, you are in an especial sense the ministers of the great God, the ruler of nations and of men. Your public trusts will be judged by those who committed them to your care, and before that bar of judgment you periodically stand; but the accountability to the Judge of all men, to our Creator, our Preserver, our Redeemer, that is immediate; it is direct; it is unavoidable.

I have no right to enter into the secret councils of any man's thought, nor can I come between him and the Infinite Father. But to-day I solemnly exhort you. Oh, to-day I dare ask you this momentous inquiry: Are you, as representative men of this nation, by precept and example giving forth to those you represent, to the people whom you serve, such testimonies of moral rectitude and purity and goodness as they ought to follow, that following you they may glorify God and serve their generation? The very uncertainty of the time of death is often an excuse for our postponing its consideration. We must die; that is certain. We do not know when we

shall die; the hour is uncertain. It may be in a month, a week, a day, an hour hence that our God shall call us to answer for the trusts reposed in our hands. Oh, to-day may the Infinite Spirit seal the solemn lesson twice repeated within twenty days to the members of this House and of this Congress. Oh, to-day may the Infinite Spirit seal this lesson upon our hearts, and may we, serving our country as fulfilling a duty to God himself, so serve God in all our actions, private and public, as that He may be pleased to own our labors, with gracious benediction to bless us, and make us the examples that others may follow in safety; and when these days of ours are numbered and our short life is passed away, oh that you, my hearers, that we all, may pass out of the darkness, out of the clouds, out of the uncertainties, out of the doubts, out of the mysteries of this brief life into the eternal day of peace and rest at God's right hand.

Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, then offered the following prayer:

Oh God, Most High, King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, suffer us not in any blindness of nature, in any severity of trouble, to doubt of Thy fatherhood. Suffer us not in any pride of reason or vanity of conceit to despise Thy chastening and set at naught thy reproof. Though we are all as men of unclean lips before Thee, yet is there not in the wide universe any friend for us like Thee. There is none like Thee to love us. Though we cannot resolve the mystery of our complication with the evil of the world, yet in our struggle to be free we would fain put all our trust in Thee as our all-sufficient help.

Oh God, remember the days of our mourning and out of our darkness create Thou for us the light of immortal hope. Let not the failures of this life nor even the deliquium of death itself prostrate us and cast us down with dismay, since Thou hast opened for us the portals of eternity and made even the grave itself but the gateway to a realm of everlasting honor and renown.

Be graciously pleased to comfort those that weep for the father and friend who lies low in this Hall. In this deep gloom who can embrace them but Thee? Be with Thy servants who shall go to bear him away out of the great station from which thou hast so suddenly summoned him to his distant home, where the light of earth is gone out forever. Send Thine angels to whisper to the widow's heart and stricken children that solace which can come alone from Thee. Oh Lord of Grace keep them in Thy peace. And now, we beseech Thee, be favorable to Thy servants, the President of the United States and to all our public rulers, counselors, law-givers, magistrates, judges, governors, officers, and all the inhabitants of the land, that righteousness and truth may be the stability of our times, and that we may be a people to Thy praise, in all our generation, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The benediction having been pronounced by the Chaplain of the House, Rev. W. P. HARRISON, the remains of the deceased were then removed from the Hall, followed by the Georgia delegation and the committee of arrangements, to be conveyed to his late residence at Savannah, Georgia; and the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Chief-Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court, and the members of the Senate retired from the Hall.

On motion of Mr. COLE (at four o'clock and fifty-five minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

On motion of Mr. COOK, it was ordered that Thursday, February 13, instant, at three o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies upon the late Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE.

FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

The hour of three o'clock p. m. having arrived, the House, under its previous order, proceeded to pay the last honors to the memory of Mr. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Mr. COOK. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the House do now suspend the consideration of other business, in order to pay proper respect to the memory of the lamented deceased.

Resolved, That in token of regard for the memory of the lamented deceased the members of this House do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That out of further respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOK, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: JULIAN HARTRIDGE was born in the city of Savannah, Georgia, in September, 1829, and died in this city on the 8th day of January, 1879. He was the eldest son of a prominent and successful merchant of Savannah, who gave to his son all the educational advantages within his reach. At the Chatham Academy, a school then distinguished of its kind; at the Montpelier Institute, presided over by the late Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, and at other

educational establishments in the interior of the State, JULIAN HARTRIDGE passed the school days of his boyhood. From the first he was a bright and apt scholar, standing at the head of his classes and mastering with equal facility the classics and the sterner routine of mathematics in advance of the boys of his own age. Even then he developed a marked capacity for speaking in one so young and modest, and soon attained rank as an excellent declaimer.

When prepared for college, he entered Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, an institution of high renown, then under the presidency of the eminent Dr. Wayland. His class was one of rare ability, being composed for the most part of young men from the best families of the neighboring New England States. Though by no means a studious youth or devoted to the daily duties laid down in the curriculum, he immediately took high rank in a class which numbered among its members the present distinguished chancellor of the University of Michigan, Mr. Angel, and others who have made their marks on the hustings, in the forum, and in the councils of the country. His powers of oratory and composition made up in a measure for his other delinquencies, and it is no disparagement of his old and treasured associates to say, nor will one of them dissent from the assertion, that he might at will have borne off the honors of his class.

After graduation he attended a course of law lectures at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and, after service in the law office of Judge Robert M. Charlton, was admitted to the bar and settled down for practice in his native city. Success attended him from the inception of his career, and he was soon elected by the legislature of Georgia to the office of solicitor-general of the eastern judicial circuit. In the discharge of the duties of his office he was thrown into almost daily antagonism with a bar of exceptional power and brilliancy, composed of such men as Charlton, Law, Ward, Owens, Lawton, Jackson, and others, whose names and achievements are part of the history of the

State. He bore himself admirably, winning much of fame, something of fortune, and troops of friends, who ever afterward followed his career as clients. In this arena and in the contests which it evoked he laid the foundation of that professional learning and ability which subsequently carried him to the leadership of the bar at an age when most of the men of his time were patiently struggling far below.

Yielding to the persuasion of personal and political friends, he served one term in the general assembly of the State, where his talents and eloquence enlarged his growing reputation and usefulness. He was chosen and served as delegate in the Democratic convention of 1860 at Charleston, South Carolina, and Baltimore, Maryland. The breaking out of the late civil war found him a prominent, popular, and prosperous man. Thoroughly in sympathy with his State and people, he took the field with the Chatham Artillery, an organization in which he held the position of lieutenant, and served in that capacity until he was elected a Representative from the first district of Georgia to the Confederate Congress. Here he served until the close of the war, occupying a distinguished place upon the committees and in the debates of the House, his speech upon the conscript act having marked him at once as one of the profoundest thinkers and ablest debaters in a body composed of men who had justly won their titles to eminence in governmental affairs.

At the close of the war he returned to his home and profession broken in fortune but undismayed in spirit, and just so soon as order was partially restored his practice began to grow. Almost his first appearance of note was before a military tribunal charged with the trial of an old and prominent citizen of Georgia for his life. His effort in this case added to his fame and will stand as an achievement of which all lawyers may well be proud. Though conviction followed of course, the sentence of the court remains until this day unexecuted. Debarred for a time in common with his fellow-citizens from participation in the political management of his State, he

devoted himself assiduously to the law, and with satisfactory results. When the sword was at length sheathed at the behest and in the presence of the civil law, he was called to preside over the first convention which gave the State a chief magistrate chosen by the people. He was then and there made chairman of the State central executive committee. Soon after he was sent as a delegate from the State at large to the Baltimore convention, and in the ensuing campaign contributed largely to its successful result by his canvass as one of the electors for the State at large.

Reluctantly he gave up his profession and consented to stand for the Forty-fourth Congress, to which he was elected; for, after accepting the nomination, he prepared a letter withdrawing from the contest, and was only persuaded by the strong appeals of personal and political friends from putting his determination into execution. For the benefit of his constituents he consented to election to the present Congress, and then of his own volition announced his retirement from public life.

Mr. Speaker, of his service here you and others can speak. I trust I may not be accused of stepping beyond the bounds of the proprieties of this occasion when I say that he has died leaving behind him more impress upon the minds and hearts of his colleagues and less upon the Congressional Record than any member of his term of service.

Death anticipated but by a short time a step he deemed incumbent upon himself in behalf of those he held most dear.

In early manhood he married Miss Mary M. Charlton, eldest daughter of his legal preceptor, Judge Robert M. Charlton, one of the purest and ablest of Georgia jurists, and once a Senator in the United States Congress. Seven children were the fruit of this union, six of whom survive, and the youngest was born at the moment when his father was eloquently defending his people in the matter of what is called the Hamburgh massacre.

There may perhaps be around me gentlemen who, in recalling his words on that occasion, still regard as a rhetorical flourish snatched up for the occasion his touching allusion to the bond which bound him to the slave who cradled him in her arms and soothed with songs the passing sorrows of his childhood. It is not strange that those nurtured under different conditions should fail to appreciate the tie that ran from master to man before it was rudely sundered by the hand of war, but those who saw the black man and the white man under a common flag and command bear to the sound of the muffled drum our friend to his last home, and who on that Sabbath morning witnessed the unfeigned grief of the throng of all classes and conditions as the funeral *cortege* moved through the streets of Savannah, will not be slow to say that all classes of a community there mingled in a common grief at a common calamity.

JULIAN HARTRIDGE died as his star was in the ascendant. On either side fame and fortune seemed to be waiting and beckoning to him with kindly hands. He had declined a place upon the supreme bench of his State, the goal of the ambitious in his profession, and had laid aside the power and place of a Representative of the people just as his name and fame were becoming familiar to the heart and ear of the country.

We shall miss him here. No words of mine can say how the wife and children shall miss him as the evening shadows fall darkly and the days dawn drearily as the years go by.

Mr. Speaker, JULIAN HARTRIDGE was a type of the men of the South of his day and generation. He was ambitious of professional and political distinction, but his ambition was toned and tempered by prudence and modesty and never marred by jealousy or passion. He was conservative in temper, thought, and action. No man was a cooler, safer counselor, truer to his convictions, and braver in their support. He was not polemic in mind or aggressive in action, and preferred to reach his fellow-men through the roads

of reason and logic rather than by appeals to their passions and prejudices.

Diffident of his own powers, he would tremble as a *débutante*, even in the latter days of his professional life, as the time came for him to take his place before a jury. Once warmed up to the task before him, like one in battle, he soon became oblivious to his surroundings and regarded only the duty in front. His professional associates will long recall his even and urbane manner on all occasions. He never assailed, and only when hardly pressed would let fly a sarcasm to show an antagonist that he wore steel and knew its use. Thoroughly grounded in the law, he despised its technicalities, loved its broad and ruling principles, and rested the cause of his clients upon the foundations of logic and reason; but when yoked to the weaker side, he could cloak under a smooth and captivating eloquence an audacious sophistry calculated to baffle the soundest judgment. He was a thinker rather than a student, was restless in the presence of labor, yet when the necessity could no longer be postponed was capable of almost superhuman effort in the way of self-abstraction and incessant work.

In private life he was quiet, gentle, and unobtrusive; so shy sometimes that those who knew him little mistook for hauteur what was really a modest reserve.

As a husband and father, he was kind and indulgent to a fault. To his children he was always a playmate and friend; and, once nestled in the bosom of his family, it took matters of moment to call him away.

As a statesman, he was broad and liberal, and well illustrated the State that gave him to the Federal Council. Within the sound of my voice are those who will recall his words and bearing in the last perilous crisis of the Republic. When the sword was threatening to sever the Gordian knot made by a doubtful election, and revolution threatened to rear its head within these halls, here, under this broad

shield of the State of Georgia, he, in a spirit of justice, wisdom, and moderation, gave his adhesion to a plan of adjustment which averted another internecine strife with all of its attendant horrors.

He was not without faults. In common with his fellows, he took place on the lower side of that line which divides Omnipotence from frailty, and marks the difference between man and his Maker. Though never a professor of the tenets of any Church, he respected profoundly those who honestly and consistently adhered to them, and himself cherished an abiding faith in the great cardinal and catholic principles of the Christian religion.

His death, Mr. Speaker, furnishes us with another striking instance of the uncertain tenure of our lives. But yesterday the people of his district called to his vacant chair the judge under whose sittings he won his earliest professional triumphs, the now Nestor of the bar of Georgia.

His last public duty was the preparation of an argument upon one of the great questions now pending before this Congress; I refer to the Geneva award. Just as this was finished and he was preparing to obey the mandates of this House in another and a distant field of duty, the summons came.

In the Southern land where he sleeps the spring flowers are already beginning to bud and blossom on his grave; fit emblems of the immortality of the soul whose casket moulders beneath.

Mr. Speaker, Georgia left upon the battle-fields of the late war the very flower of her chivalry. The young, the gifted, the brave of her children she sacrificed upon the altar of her convictions. Is it to be wondered, then, that she should like a mother hug closer to her bosom those that the storm had spared?

Upon those that came back mangled of limb or crushed in heart she relied for strength and guidance in the future, and upon none did she lean more heavily than upon JULIAN HARTRIDGE. And as to-day she bends in woe over his newly made grave, may she not ask her

sister States to forget the strifes and estrangements of the past and mourn with her for the untimely closing of a life so adorned with noble effort in the past and so full of promise for the coming years—years that will never come?

Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions I have sent to the Clerk's desk.

Address of Mr. Knott, of Kentucky.

There are some emotions, Mr. Speaker, which lie forever beyond the domain of human language. The sublimest effort of inspired poesy would be foiled in the vain endeavor to seek them an expression. Any attempt to embody them in words would be but an empty mockery. They find utterance only in the silent tear, the broken sob, or the wailing cry.

Such is the voiceless anguish that swells the aching heart as we look for the last time upon the still, pale features of one we have loved, and realize in his pulseless form all the terrible fact of death; that the melody of nature is hushed forever to his "dull, cold ear," and that the cheerful sun will rise and set on busy, joyous millions through all the cycles of coming time, but bring no light to his fixed and rayless eye.

Yet, sir, there is in every human bosom a resistless instinct, a constant longing to testify in some manner its yearning for the "loved and lost." The fading wreath which affection's hand has twined about the lowly tomb of humble poverty, and the gorgeous mausoleum, with its chiseled columns and storied hatchments, and all the marble pomp with which grandeur mourns magnificently over departed pride, alike remind us of this mournful duty to the dead. In obedience to that heartfelt impulse, in the discharge of the highest, holiest office of friendship, I rise to second the resolutions which have just been offered. In doing so I would not insult the memory of my lamented friend by

indulging in an empty, inflated eulogy. I simply desire to place on record, in the simple, unaffected language of affection, my own impressions of his character as I saw it illustrated in the quiet walks of social life as well as in the arena of public duty.

My acquaintance with Mr. HARTRIDGE began with the opening of the Forty-fourth Congress, when a certain congeniality in taste and disposition soon brought us into relations of more than ordinary intimacy. It was not, however, until we became more closely and constantly associated as colleagues on the Committee on the Judiciary in the present Congress that I came to know him fully and appreciate his real worth.

Handsome in person, accomplished in intellect, polished in manners, the very mirror of honor, always kind, always gentle, always considerate of the feelings and comfort of others, generous almost to prodigality, Mr. HARTRIDGE in the social circle impressed me as one of the most lovable gentlemen it was ever my fortune to meet. There was a delicacy, a tenderness indeed, in his demeanor toward his associates such as I have rarely, if ever, seen equaled, and which rendered him at once the favorite of those with whom he came in contact.

As a lawyer Mr. HARTRIDGE was rarely equipped. Endowed by nature with an intellect singularly adapted to the discernment of truth and embellished by literary attainments of the most liberal description acquired in the best institutions of learning in the country, he brought to the pursuit of his chosen profession an honorable ambition and a persevering industry which speedily secured for him an enviable distinction at the bar of his native State. His mind was quick and analytic, yet careful and cautious; his love of justice pronounced and inflexible; his professional as well as his personal integrity unsullied by the slightest stain; while his devotion to his profession amounted almost to a passion. It is by no means singular that qualifications like these, coupled with his liberal store of legal learning, should

justify the highest expectations of a brilliant career, so prematurely terminated by his melancholy and untimely death.

As an orator the deceased was peculiarly gifted. His language was unusually chaste and elegant as well as easy and fluent, his elocution correct and impressive, his logic clear and concise, and his voice musical and magnetic. Few who have heard him here can forget the charm of his manner or the force and perspicuity of his matter; and if he failed to take the very foremost rank in the debates of this House, of which he was such a conspicuous ornament, it was solely because of a characteristic modesty which made him shrink from anything bearing the semblance of offensive obtrusiveness or self-assertion.

As a legislator the deceased was pre-eminently conservative and just, and although a Democrat of the strictest type such was his fealty to his own convictions of right that he did not hesitate to disregard the demands of mere party exigency whenever there was a conflict between them. As a member of the Committee on the Judiciary, I but express the common sentiment of his surviving colleagues when I say that one more loved while he lived, one more lamented never sat around its board, that—

> A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
> Framed in the prodigality of nature,
> * * * * *
> The spacious world cannot again afford.

I second the resolutions.

Address of Mr. Hendee, of Vermont.

Again, Mr. Speaker, the gavel falls to announce the suspension of business, to stop the unsteady wheel of legislation, that we may for the hour refer to the life and refresh our memories of one who but

recently, and so recently, Mr. Speaker, was among us an active member. We have heretofore dropped the silent tear and strewn tenderly floral tributes, emblems of affection, purity, and love, in token of the unspoken and deep respect which every member bore the deceased. To this time what has been done by this House has been in sad silence, but now we come to speak to the world true words of tribute to the memory of one who was loved and honored by every gentleman holding a seat upon this floor.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Mr. HARTRIDGE was short, commencing with the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress; yet it was somewhat intimate, as we were thrown together much during that Congress in committee. Our acquaintance being short, my words to-day must of necessity be few; but permit me to say that I find it a pleasure to be permitted thus publicly and in this national Hall, to speak of the deceased in words of commendation. A nation's prosperity, a nation's strength, a nation's greatness depend largely upon the character of its public men, though perhaps in a republic it may be true that such prosperity, strength, and greatness have their base in the intelligence, virtue, and integrity of the people; but unless the people are represented by men of character, men whose love and regard for right is above that for self, the life of a republic like ours even must be short; but in this country, I am safe in saying, we have been particularly fortunate in the selection of our public servants, and when one goes out from among us, as has Mr. HARTRIDGE, in middle age and full of vigor, the loss in one sense falls heaviest upon the nation.

Others have to-day spoken fitly of the loss sustained by family, relatives, neighbors, and locality, and of his excellent traits as a husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, but I must content myself with saying a word only as to the man.

Mr. HARTRIDGE was quiet, yet strong; unpretending, yet eloquent and forcible; cautious, yet fearless. His opinion or judgment was

seldom given except after mature thought. A subject was never his to debate upon till first fully mastered. He never thrust himself into debate, yet was always ready to express himself when duty called, and this he would do in the most simple and quiet way and with that clearness and force of language and reason which always carry with them conviction and satisfy the hearer.

Yes, Mr. Speaker, it must be said of Mr. HARTRIDGE that he was eloquent, interesting, and convincing. He always commanded the attention of this House when he spoke, and, though he spoke but seldom, his influence was strong and far-reaching.

Mr. HARTRIDGE was a good lawyer and his profession was his life. He was so strongly wedded to it and to the attachments, comforts, and quiet of home that he refused an election to the Forty-sixth Congress.

The Constitution was his constant study, and all will agree, I think, who knew him, that as a constitutional lawyer he had no superiors and but few equals upon this floor.

In the Forty-fourth, his first Congress, he was assigned to the Committee for the District of Columbia, where he was fully appreciated and strongly loved by all his associates. In the consideration of subjects, and in the other incident acts of the committee, he was non-partisan, and in the fullest sense treated and acted upon every proposition with a view to its merits rather than with a view to the interests of his party. During that Congress Mr. HARTRIDGE so exhibited his knowledge of the law, and so convinced the country and the members of the House of his ability as a lawyer and of his strong common sense as a legislator, that the fact could not be ignored that his place was on the Judiciary Committee, and the Speaker without hesitation, as I am informed, made the assignment, and I am happy to say that no member on this floor to my knowledge ever questioned the propriety of the act or his fitness for the position, but, on the other hand, it was universally conceded that the honorable

Speaker had done Mr. HARTRIDGE justice and the country a beneficial service.

While on this committee he did his work well, and was respected and regarded by every member of it as a gentleman, a sound lawyer, and a wise counselor.

Further, Mr. Speaker, during the last and present Congress my intercourse with members has been free and quite extensive, and never yet, either before or since his death, have I heard any gentleman speak ill of JULIAN HARTRIDGE.

Of Mr. HARTRIDGE I was a warm personal friend, and that friendship was reciprocated. Hence, Mr. Speaker, I feel able to say that as a friend he was kind, trusting, true, and constant. Here below man need never have a better one.

In short, Mr. Speaker, let me say that as a man he was strong, intelligent, honest, industrious. As a lawyer he was studious, discriminating, educated, and reliable. And, sir, whether on the street, on this floor, in the court-room, or in the committee-room, in society or in his home, he was a perfect gentleman. He was possessed of that peculiar refinement of intellect and that unassumed quietness of manner that always endeared him at once to those with whom he came in contact, either socially or in a business way. But, Mr. Speaker, the man, the lawyer, the statesman, the friend has gone out forever from among us.

His life-work was well done, yet seemingly it was but half finished, as he died in the very ripeness of manhood.

He was full of life, full of hope and ambition, and to all appearance had before him a long, eventful, and honorable career; but the mysterious and invisible hand beckoned him away, and I will only add that from the sad event those of us who are left to utter and hear these last tributes to his memory should take heed and learn for profit the lesson it teaches.

Address of Mr. Cox, of New York.

It is a wise as well as kindly custom to honor our departed members. When that clock points to the inevitable hour devoted to memory and eulogy, the conflict of opinion, the storm of contention, and the turbulency of legislation cease. Through the rifted clouds shines a serener and purer sky. What if the encomiums we offer are couched in formal phrase; what if sometimes they become too trite and general, and fail to allure the ear in this Chamber, where sensations are masters of elocution; what if in laudation we become indiscreet and exaggerative—still the custom is one ever to be reverently observed, as well for its benignity to ourselves and its solemnity upon our deliberations as for the proper honors to the dead and for the encouragement of the living.

What is the lesson it teaches? What, after all, is the glory which so attracts us? The answer comes even in the voice of the Epicurean:

> It is an echo, a dream; nay, the shadow of a dream, dissipated by every wind, and lost by every contrary breath of the ignorant and ill-judging. You fear not that even death shall ravish it from you; but behold! while you are alive calumny bereaves you of it; ignorance neglects it; nature enjoys it not; *Fancy* alone, renouncing every pleasure, receives the airy recompense, empty and unstable as herself.

No one dreamed that, after the many deaths in our body, this friend would be the next. As we heard our daily roll-call and looked upon our catalogue, he bid as fair as any for longevity in the chances of life. Ah! it was a sad pen which inscribed the name of Julian Hartridge, of Georgia, upon the "yearly scroll of fate."

It was a sad fate that left him in the midst of his noble career withered like a leaf on a summer's tree before the autumn or winter came to chill and blast. Almost before we were through with the obsequies of others his parting knell sounded, and we bore him away to the endearing circle which received him so lovingly in his beautiful southern home.

Various are the relations we sustain to each other in this House. It would take a Psyche to assort and arrange the "confused seeds" out of which have grown so many and such endearing relations of regard and affection. Some of us live here under the same roof; some serve on the same committee; some take the same side on favorite themes; some have had in our changeful American life mutual friends who have brought them together; some are knit to each other by association in their own States; and others, though far distant, share early and delightful reminiscences, and among them that one which springs radiant out of the morning of life, enhanced and beautified by college partialities and studies.

The relation which drew me to JULIAN HARTRIDGE was the last one. We were as far apart as Ohio and Georgia, where our parents lived; yet we became children of the same parent in New England. Our *alma mater* was Brown University. I was his elder in the college, graduating two years in advance of him; but not the elder in that sedateness and reserve which is supposed to mark the years by the disposition, and which gives even to the young a strength that maturity does not bestow. It was this college memory of our *alma mater* which quickened and preserved our friendship here.

Having reached the stadium of a half century of years, memories of early associates become more distinct and interesting. As I look back to those early days they return with their relict radiance and enchantment, like a dawn, all opaline in the sky, all diamond on the grass, all auroral with a joyous splendor, through which glimmers a mist of tears for those who shared their joyousness, and who one by one fall and fade. As our years "slope waning down the arch," these hopes and illusions, as now and here, become memory.

Others may speak of JULIAN HARTRIDGE as a husband and father, of his affectionate heart and tender sensibilities, and of his domestic ties. These, with all his reserve, he could not conceal. Do we not recall his tremulous and tearful tribute to his old colored nurse, spoken

from yonder desk? It was a perilous theme in this House, too often effusive in its irreverent mirth. Others may speak of him as citizen, soldier, lawyer, and man, filling with uprightness and honesty all the relations to family, client, state, and society. It is mine to speak of him as a scholar, as one whose mental characteristics were, as he often told me, molded and inspired by our grand teacher, Dr. Francis Wayland, and the corps of admirable professors associated with him at Brown University.

In making up manhood, much may be attributed to hereditary causes, much to early parental guardianship and care, but more to the discipline and knowledge which education gives. Who shall underrate the beneficence, not to speak of the advantages, of education?

It has been well said that "it is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, and in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to genius; without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage."

It is customary with some to depreciate scholarship. There are those who find in its pedantry some sort of compensation for their own want—in the lack which often attends mere learning, and even those who are accomplished, sometimes affect to despise its attainments.

Truly, it is not alone or chiefly by books that manhood is made. Was it not Carlyle who said that "a man perfects himself by work more than by reading"? But he was discriminating; for he gave the meed of praise to that growing kind of men that combine the two things wisely, and who valiantly do what is laid to their hand in the present sphere and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things if such be before them.

This was the education which gave us the scholarship and intellect of JULIAN HARTRIDGE. It was peculiar to Brown University. It was the educational system of Dr. Wayland. It lay in the power of

analysis. It was the dissection of a subject into its constituent parts, to form a complete and rounded whole; *teres atque rotundus*. It was the remark of Professor Greenleaf, of Cambridge, that in the first recitation he could tell where his law students graduated; but he always marked those of Brown, because of this special training in analysis. Certainly the members of the Judiciary Committee of this House, and the courts and bar of Georgia, in recognizing the cogent advocate must have seen how his finer susceptibility was kept in training and in *stamina* by this early discipline.

What were his favorite books and studies, and what his recreations, what his habits in college life, it may be curious if not useful briefly to recall, although they do not infallibly indicate the subsequent life. How few of the ambitions of college days are realized, how few of their cherished designs are carried out! How frail in after years seem those sustaining illusions and enrapturing enthusiasms which spring from the hard rocks of study, all pure, crystalline, and iridescent! It was the verdict of JULIAN HARTRIDGE'S college mates that although he was reserved and made but few acquaintances and had but few companions and confidants, he was ever courteous and kind, chivalric, and true to his convictions. This reserve seemed to some to have an air of hauteur, but we who knew him understood him better. Perhaps it came from a certain isolation in the college growing out of sectional feeling, which even then had permeated our institutions of learning.

Whatever he did, he did well. His dilatoriness and laxity of effort at times seemed to be filled up by an excellence when he was aroused which must have been the fruit of abstraction and meditation. Though he may not have stood as high as some others in his class, sometimes failing outright, yet what he did was perfected, like a cameo cut by a practiced hand, with an exquisite sensibility to the beautiful. He was regarded, in spite of certain shortcomings, as a brilliant scholar; and especially brilliant in the art of rhetoric. Those who have heard

him here will not be surprised that his fancy, his susceptibility, his southern ardor, chastened and curbed by discipline, gave him facile grace and elevated genius in oratory. His junior speech in 1848 was on the "Superstitions of the Highlands." One of the professors remarked of it that never, in essay or speech, had he listened to such a warm and glowing tribute as that paid to Robert Burns and his religion of humanity.

He was very happy with his pen, writing with fluency and fervor, but he was most felicitous in oratory. No one doubted his power. In his speaking he had that dash, that *élan* which is characteristic of the gifted Southerner. There was in his voice an indefinable magnetism over an audience that held them as in a spell, as he "graced the noble fervor of the hour." He had the natural endowment of the orator who is born, not made. No one in his class so fascinated and thrilled. This was doubtless the secret and select compensation he chose, for any indifference to other branches of culture. I have wondered that he did not more frequently display this rare gift in this House. Perhaps in his modest regard of himself he underestimated its charm. He took no pains to excel in class-room work, and graduated with moderate rank; but all agreed that he was no idler. He was a diligent reader, especially of history and historical fiction. All agreed that his was a mind of unusual brilliance, but few then anticipated that he would erect so solid and superb a structure on the hard science of the law.

We who served here with him know how partial he was to his State, his section, and its institutions and history. Even in his college days these local feelings were very marked. They were encouraged by his habitual reserve in a New England State. One of the freaks which grew out of them illustrated the intensity of his local pride. When the class of "moral science" lingered three weeks in debate over the slavery question he persistently refused to recite during that time, because he would not repeat Dr. Wayland's sentiments

as expressed in the text-book. Luckily, the State of Roger Williams and the university which was founded on the principles of toleration expressed in its charter passed this by as a pardonable element of the *genius loci*, which is not peculiar to any section.

That which first gave to Dr. Wayland his fame was not his peculiar methods of teaching; it was his tractate on "accountability." If his scholars were not impressed by him with this idea, in its highest meaning, it was from an inborn obduracy in the scholar. He taught us that it was the gravitation of the moral universe; that intellectual beings were moral agencies; and that they must have this virtue or be sundered from God's universe. Without it the ruler is a tyrant, the judge a despot, the legislator a charlatan, and the philosopher an empiric. It is the strength and the ornament of the soul. Without it what are the rudiments, vestments, and culture of the mind?

What his constituents and his State loved in JULIAN HARTRIDGE, was this sense of accountability and his recognition of it as duty. Imbedded in his nature, which never knew a dishonest thought, and along with his mental habitudes, was the moral genius implanted by our great teacher, whom the sons of Brown University ever delight to revere. It was this mental power and moral rectitude which JULIAN HARTRIDGE bore away from the city of Providence when he began the active labors of his profession and filled the offices with which his people intrusted him. Practical education is not obtained by book or by recitation. Few who leave their imprint on the world are thus educated. There is a self-education that only collision with others can give. Nay, this conflict must uneducate often to re-educate for practical duty. There are cloistered virtues which ponder the problems of this and the other life, but it is in the heat and dust of active life where the guerdon of fame is won.

Certain it is—

Says Lord Bacon—

that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and under-

standing do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with one another; he tosses his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

It was in the collisions of the forum, of the court, and the legislature, and in the fierce arena of debate, when one mind sharpeneth another by the cunning of logical fence, that this commanding power was developed and increased in our friend.

Coming thus equipped for service here, may we not say that he has kept with studious heed his faith to the oath he took to our organic law? He stood here for all the muniments, limitations, rights, and powers of the Constitution as it was and is. He knew well their meaning, and had no timidity in following the needle which pointed to the haven designated in the articles. He desired to restore to the nation the hallowed and healing spirit of mutual confidence and conciliation. When he came hither he brought no mental or moral reservation. Indeed, he was, as his report on the reopening of the Presidential matter in this Congress showed, conspicuously conservative in many senses of the peace and contentment of the people.

I have said that Mr. HARTRIDGE had a dainty and refined sensibility. It was not limited to taste in art or in literature. He was fond of flowers, and especially of those rare flowers which are of tropical origin. The Brazilian orchids, in our Botanic Garden, were his delight. They are the offspring of perpetual summer. They cling to trees and blocks of wood, and feed not upon the soil, but upon the moist and heated air. Their variety and brilliance of color and exquisite aroma are said to excel all the productions of the floral kingdom. Their habits belong to the atmosphere and not to the earth, and their formation is a portrayal of the entire scope of animated nature, including a mimic caricature of the human species. There is one in the Botanic Garden, known to science as *Cattleya Warscewiezii*, which excels all of its numerous tribes. It was this flower which my

friend was accustomed to watch. He visited the garden again and again to observe the development of its gorgeous blossoms. It decorated his desk and casket on the occasion of his obsequies. I thought he would love to have his favorite in life near to him in death. No poet has yet sung of this airy, exquisite flower. The rose and lily have had their minstrels, but no muse has yet attempted to express the delicate loveliness of this paragon of beauty, whose hue outblanches the lily and outblushes the rose. If fancy were allowed some license, something in our friend's character and culture might be found symbolized in this flower. Its variety; its luxuriance; its honeyed wealth, which, from its constitution, no insect can touch without death; its isolated growth amid lofty tropical trees, to which it clings like a bird of many-colored plumage; its unsullied purity amidst the surroundings of fen and marsh, are emblems of his rare excellence, his exuberant imagination, his sweetness of disposition, his superiority to the little annoyances of daily life and to the temptations which beset us in pursuing the duties and ambitions of our political life. His very reserve and isolation, his "high-built genius"—above the groveling matters of earth—give, like his favorite flower, a fragrance to his memory which embalms it forever in the heart.

The community where he lived was paralyzed by the suddenness of their calamity. They could scarcely realize that the music of his voice, which melted them with pathos or convinced them with reason, was hushed forever. They had expected that their favorite would have been preferred to other honors than those which belong to Georgia here. Little did they expect that their beloved Representative would end his existence before that service was ended. Little did they expect that only his inanimate form would return to them. There was some solace for their loss in the honors which this House and the country paid their Representative; but it was indeed a somber day for the city of Savannah when the body of JULIAN HARTRIDGE was borne to them.

In the State of Georgia few men since the day of her great statesman, William H. Crawford, have been so distinguished and beloved. All classes of all races and all professions—soldier, civilian, and citizen—united in swelling the chorus of praise and contributing their sorrowing sympathy. Even as the *cortege* passed through the city bearing him to his last resting-place, the mosses which drape the oaks of the forest added their funereal sadness to the scene.

That gentle spirit has departed from us. While thinking of him sterner eyes than mine will well with tears over his departure. The college boy, the legislator, and the friend, these are my bereavement; others may miss a life-long friend, a trusted counselor, a kind father, and loving husband, and Georgia will miss one of her leading lawyers and statesmen. All the meshes which have been woven around his daily life to bind him earthward are sundered, but only sundered to be rewoven, we hope, in the better country, where "the silver cord is never loosed, nor the golden bowl ever broken."

Address of Mr. Frye, of Maine.

Mr. Speaker: I intended and ought to have made a fitting preparation for speaking to the character of Julian Hartridge, but an enforced absence in the city of New York on an investigating committee has absolutely prevented. I regret this, sir, exceedingly, and yet I do not feel willing to allow the occasion to pass in utter silence, for Mr. Hartridge and I were warm personal friends, although all the circumstances of our lives would seem to have been antagonistic to any such friendship. He represented a constituency living down in one of the Gulf States and I one living in the extreme North; he was formerly a slave-owner and I was educated to believe slavery to be a crime against man and an offense against God; he sympathized with rebellion, I with its foes; he was a Democrat, I a Republican.

And yet I have in my life learned to love few men better than I did him.

It was only an accident that revealed the beauty of JULIAN HARTRIDGE'S character to me. Oh, how many flowers of friendship fail to blossom in this world simply because men do not know each other; and how much our nation has suffered from this same strangeness! Why, sir, I am convinced, and have always been, that rebellion itself was the child of this same strangeness. If the North had known the South and the South had known the North before the war as they knew each other at its close, there would have been no war. Why, sir, being brought together and held together for four long years, even in a terrible, bloody conflict, only made us better friends than we ever were before and revealed to each other a respect and a title to respect which we never had dreamed of.

And in this House is it not precisely the same? Here we come from different and remote sections of the country; we come with prejudices of section and of party upon us; we remain together for a session or two; we separate, and those same prejudices still cling to us. And why? Because we have had no opportunity to know each other. In this House there is always "the other side"; outside this House our constituents demand every single moment of our time; so that only now and then is a man of the one side revealed to the man on the other.

A notable instance occurs to me at this very moment. There is a gentleman from Alabama who has served with me in this House four or six years, and until recently I never knew him. I knew he had been a major-general in the Confederate army. He had his prejudices, and I undoubtedly had mine. Yet the accident of sending me to the city of New York with him on a committee and putting us side by side, bringing us in close contact for two weeks, only revealed the gentleman to me, and brought into life, on my part at least, a friendship for him which I never shall forget.

So, sir, accident disclosed JULIAN HARTRIDGE and his character to me. Had it not been for accident he and I would have been parted by death each to the other comparatively unknown; if we had prejudices they would have remained to the end. It was the accident of our serving on the same committee that brought us together. He was placed upon the Judiciary Committee, of which I was a member, and prejudice disappeared, while in its place friendship sprang into life.

During the long session in the Forty-fifth Congress matters of great importance, questions involving legal propositions that were abstruse and difficult to understand, were constantly before that committee; and each man there was compelled to exhibit what powers there were in him. My impression is that Mr. HARTRIDGE made but one or two speeches in the House upon this floor during the time he was here. I know that they attracted general attention; but I am satisfied from my knowledge of him that it was his modesty that prevented him from taking the position and holding it in this House to which his pre-eminent ability entitled him; a modesty which would not allow him to stand here by the hour and demand the Speaker's eye and the Speaker's ear; a modesty which would not permit him to put his name upon a list upon your table; a modesty which would not allow him to ask time from the gentleman who had control of the floor. I am satisfied that it seemed to him to be an assumption. But when we were in the committee-room, where, as I have said, every man was compelled to exhibit himself, then JULIAN HARTRIDGE came at once where he belonged—into the fore rank. We had not met together for three months before I was entirely satisfied that he was a lawyer of pre-eminent ability; not a special pleader, not a technical lawyer, but a lawyer in the broadest sense in which the word may be used. He had convictions, and never feared there to enforce them; he had opinions, and was ever ready to maintain them.

In the expression of his opinions he was graceful, persuasive, logical, kindly always. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and his apprehensions were remarkably quick. He commanded the respect of his colleagues on that committee. He was not a partisan there, he was not a Democrat there; he was a lawyer testing and trying legal propositions, and I can say that I never knew his judgment there to be blinded by his section or by his party. In his bearing he was dignified, in his manner always courteous. He was exceedingly slow to give offense, and equally slow to feel that any offense whatever was intended him. I, sir, came from that committee with the judgment, and I believe my colleagues upon it will concur with me, using the words with their full and complete meaning, that JULIAN HARTRIDGE was a good lawyer. But one other thing, in my judgment, can be added to that to make up the verdict that he was a man of perfect character so far as humanity and perfection can exist together; and I feel that I can justly add that word. I met him, as I have said, daily; I saw him continually; I associated with him more than, perhaps, with any other gentleman on the other side of this House, and I never knew him to utter one word, I never knew him to do an act, I never knew him to give expression to a thought, that did not indicate to me that he was a good man as well.

Have I not said it all? A good lawyer and a good man; I ask that nothing more, when I am dead, shall be said of me, and I pray that that may be said truthfully.

That he was a tender father, a gentle and loving husband, a noble, generous neighbor and friend, I cannot doubt.

Why God should have taken him right in the prime of his beautiful life, when the brilliant promises, of which the gentleman from New York [Mr. Cox] has spoken, of his early manhood were day by day and hour by hour being redeemed; when his country, his State, his party, his friends, his wife, and his children needed him

more than they ever did before—oh, why God should have taken him then is to me and to us a mystery. Its solution can and shall only come in the great hereafter.

May Heaven grant that the admonitions and warnings of these deaths, which have come to this House so frequently and so suddenly, teach us that we too should prepare to meet our God.

Address of Mr. Harrison, of Illinois.

Mr. Speaker: Of all the kindly epigrams which have come down to us from the past, no other is so replete with piety as the old pagan maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When the icy fingers of death have seized upon the strong man; when the arm once quick to ward off and the hand powerful to resent an injury have been fettered by the heavy weight of inurning clay; when the tongue caustic to retort an insult and ready to refute a calumny has been paralyzed by the stroke of ruthless Death, then nearly all men feel that the living should tread lightly about the tomb, that the voice should be hushed in the presence of the silent one, and that no ill thing should be spoken of him.

Why, sir, this almost universal sentiment, universal at least among all men elevated above the savage? Is it not because there is in us all a vague, undefined, but ineradicable feeling—a feeling born of heart-yearnings, or of superstition, or of indwelling immortal soul—that there is an immortality in us, and that the spirit of the dead yet lingers about its old tenement and near to the dear ones of life, and that it would be pained by the utterance of a harsh word to which it is powerless to reply?

There is, perhaps, sir, no earthly thing so terrible to a brave, good man as that a calumny touching his good name should live when he himself shall be gone, and shall have left no one able or willing to

defend his honor. A stoic may despise a slander in life; only a cynic can calmly sleep and know that a calumny is being graven upon his tomb.

Again, sir, although we all know we must die, yet no living being can realize his own death; we are wholly unable to comprehend, even in the presence of that most solemn *memento mori*, death itself, that we, too, shall—

> Die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod—

that "the places which know us now shall know us no more"; that our moving, breathing bodies, so sensible to pain and quick to drink in pleasure, shall become an intangible nothing. We therefore hug to our hearts the hope that there is in us a living immortal part; and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that this living something will hover around the places we love on earth. This yearning as to ourselves makes us prone to feel, if not believe, that the spirit of our loved dead is floating about us. So that in obeying the old maxim by speaking of the dead only good, we are but paying the debt we shall owe to those who shall follow us.

Sir, how easy the simple task, when we know of the dead naught but good! How grateful the duty, when we have known our dead, and yet have learned nothing of him except that which is good! In arising in my seat to-day, Mr. Speaker, and joining in the solemn pageant moving in honor of JULIAN HARTRIDGE, I simply perform that grateful duty, for I did know him, and yet I could not, even if I would, recall of him a single thing of which I could say a word not good. Whatever there was in him which in life I blamed was really an evidence of virtue.

What I shall say of him, sir, shall be said as due to one I sincerely loved, as a tribute to one who bound me to him by "bands of iron

and hooks of steel." I wish to drop upon his bier a simple flower, fragrant with affection. I would pluck from my memory and lay upon his breast a green leaf, redolent of the love which he awakened in my bosom. I shall say nothing biographical of our friend; that has been better done by others. At the expense of using the egotistical "I" oftener than could be wished, I shall endeavor to paint to you the manner of man he appeared to me to be, and to tell you why I loved him, confining myself entirely to his personal characteristics as exhibited here in our midst.

Three years ago, sir, last December I met JULIAN HARTRIDGE for the first time. We were utter strangers to each other, and probably would never have become more than passing acquaintances if we had not in the last Congress drawn seats side by side. For he was a man exceedingly reserved in manner—so much so that to a casual acquaintance he seemed coldly distant and studiously retiring. He had that courtliness of bearing which erects about a man a barrier over which a stranger steps only on exact and palpable invitation. Our juxtaposition during the Forty-fourth Congress drew us into close communion. We discussed together the more important questions which came before the House. In a short time I found that he possessed a mind of very high order and a cultivation of rare finish.

His perceptions were remarkably quick, clear, and clean. He caught at once the underlying foundations of every subject debated; and his mind, grown severely logical from his long and scientific study of his profession, quickly stripped a question of the tangled threads thrown around it by others. I soon considered it a reason for self-gratulation if my already-formed opinions and his were in accord. His name followed mine immediately on the roll-call. If he voted with me I felt doubly assured I had made no mistake.

As a constitutional lawyer he had no superior in this or in the preceding House. His mind was ever on the alert when an appeal was

made to that chart of our liberties. He was a strict constructionist, yet believed that our Magna Charta was sufficiently elastic to guide a people whose bounds were to be co-extensive with that of a continent. He did not hold it to be a Procrustean bed, to fit which a vast nation should be lopped off at either end.

Whenever a constitutional or legal question happened to be under discussion he paid the closest attention to every word said, and allowed no argument to pass unheeded. On such occasions he has often turned to me to expose the error of some citation of authority or to controvert some deduction improperly drawn, and always so clearly and tersely as to win immediate conviction. At such times, when it seemed the House was going wrong, I have urged him to get up and give his views, and I have known him on several occasions to take the floor to do so, and then to sit down again before gaining recognition, as if he dreaded to push himself conspicuously forward. This happened so frequently that I blamed him for his reticence as an injustice both to himself and to the House.

This reticence was not the offspring of any uncertainty as to the correctness of his views, but was from a sort of aversion to appearing to be anxious to make himself heard. I recall two or three occasions, when, after sending to the Library for authorities, he handed them to me, with the suggestion that I should get up and give them to the House. This was not from timidity or fear of failure, for he knew his thoughts would never find his tongue disobedient to their call. He had great command of language. Words apt, choice, and beautiful flowed from his lips as in a voluntary stream. What he seemed to want was that the House should be right. He was not ambitious of being the one to set it so. A rare quality, sir, in an American Congressman.

JULIAN HARTRIDGE was a poet by nature; and I suspect, though he never positively confessed it to me, had often dipped his pen in the Catalian fountain. I had a habit of cutting from newspapers any

fugitive verses which struck my fancy. These I would sometimes read to him, and he had to be very deeply absorbed in business not to readily lend me his ear. I remember reading to him one day from a newspaper clipping Palmer's exquisite Ode to Light. He had never seen it before. After reading it he called me back to the cloak-room and then read it several times aloud. His dark eye filled to suffusion, showing how the beautiful stanzas had touched the chords of his heart and set them to singing in rythmic harmony.

So poetic were his tastes that his speeches were somewhat weakened by a disposition to clothe the coldest logic in flowing if not in measured periods. His mastery of language being great, his ready tongue was apt to play lackey to his tuneful ear, and to pour out mellow sentences as pleasing in sound as they were solid in sense. His gestures, too, were graceful and in perfect harmony with the euphony of his tones. On this account a stranger was apt to suspect his speeches were prepared in advance and committed to memory; this, even when they were entirely impromptu.

But, after all, Mr. Speaker, it was neither the mind, nor the manner, nor the cultivation of JULIAN HARTRIDGE which drew one's love to him. It was the man's heart, soft and gentle as a woman's, giving and craving love, as the heart of a pure and chaste woman gives and craves it. His was one of those rare natures which reconciles us to the truthfulness of David's description of Jonathan's love, "a love passing the love of women." Pythias might readily have loved such a Damon; and Damon might have sought to die for such a Pythias. One meets but few such in a life-time, and finds them but rarely emerging from the secluded recesses of private life.

Loving and tender in his feelings, JULIAN'S expressions of affection were exceedingly caressing. Speaking to him one day after I had known him some months, I addressed him as HARTRIDGE or Mr. HARTRIDGE. With a tone as endearing as that with which a mother utters the word "darling," he called me by my given name and said:

"We have now known each other a good while; we are friends; I really hope we love each other. Promise me hereafter always to call me JULIAN."

Mr. Speaker, this was a little thing; a very little thing; but it was one of those little things which are a revelation. Remember, sir, the world is made up of untold little things. It is an aggregation of atomies which looks down from Mount Blanc's old giant dome. It was this and many other similar little things which revealed to me JULIAN HARTRIDGE'S great heart. Loving in his nature, his heart yearned for love. Rendering love, his soul thirsted for it as the earth thirsts for the evening's dew.

I said that heart was as soft and gentle as a woman's. Yet, sir, his was no woman's nature. Clear in his conceptions, he was steadfast in his opinions. Clairvoyant, he despised a hypocrite and hated a sham. Brave, he could have looked into a cannon's mouth, and his eye would not have quailed as the torch sought the priming; yet a cry of distress brought tears to his eyes. Chivalrous, he could have measured swords with an enemy without a tremor, and would have followed honor's or duty's call into the deadly breach; yet a friend's distress melted him, and a woman's wail unmanned him.

Thus, sir, appeared to me the man whose loss we lament to-day. His memory will live in our hearts as bright and fresh as the mantle of ever-living green with which the oak robes itself, beneath whose spreading boughs he calmly sleeps. Such, sir, was the man whom a loving wife and tender children mourn in their far-off sunny home. As the mother of the Gracchi pointed to her children as her jewels, so may these bereaved ones point to the husband's and the father's deeds and fame as their most unperishable gems.

Cut off in his manhood's prime; his sun hardly at its meridian, his country, his friends, and his family have lost the ripeness of his years. What fruits those riper years would have borne we can only judge by those already gathered. JULIAN HARTRIDGE filled many positions

of honor, and filled them all with glory to himself and for his country's good.

> The deeds he has done are left behind,
> The enduring produce of immortal mind;
> Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon:
> A deathless part of him who died too soon.

Address of Mr. Davidson, of Florida.

Mr. Speaker: I appreciate the privilege, mournful though it be, which has been granted to me on this occasion to drop a flower on the grave, to pay a humble tribute to the loved memory of Georgia's departed son. Well do I remember the shock which I experienced when on the morning of the 8th day of last month it was announced to me, "Hartridge is dead." Sad announcement indeed it was, for it told that a noble and generous heart had ceased to beat and that an honest and upright life had ended. For years, Mr. Speaker, I had known Julian Hartridge by reputation, but it was not until the present Congress had convened in extra session that it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with him. That acquaintance was growing in warmth and intimacy when the shaft of the cruel archer struck him and the links of friendship which were being wrought were rudely broken. Sir, I will attempt no lengthy panegyric, will indulge in no excessive fulsome praise of the lamented dead, but will content myself with a brief sketch of his life and character.

He was born in Savannah, Georgia, and in early manhood became a member of the legal profession of that city. There were giants in the law there then as there are now. Berrien, Charlton, Law, Ward, and other distinguished gentlemen, whose reputations were not confined to the limits of their own State, but were national in their character, were at that time practitioners at that bar. Gifted by the

Master, as HARTRIDGE was, notwithstanding the great array of talent with which he had to cope, by his sound judgment and logic, by his stirring eloquence and brilliant oratory, he was not long in making for himself clients and a name.

A position having been gained, he rapidly advanced in his profession and in the confidence of his fellow-citizens. Soon he was made solicitor-general of his circuit, then elected to the legislature of his State, and when the unhappy struggle began, when war's alarum was sounded, he was, though young in years, enjoying an enviable reputation as an advocate and a jurist.

Loving the sunny land which gave him birth, and indorsing those principles which the people of his section advocated, he laid aside the robe of the lawyer and donned the uniform of a soldier. He entered the army of the Confederate States, animated by that spirit which was conspicuously displayed at that eventful period of our country's history, both by men of the North and of the South—that spirit which is so beautifully protrayed by the poet when he says:

> No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
> When here stands his country and yonder her foe.
> One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
> One glance at our banner, which floats glorious on high;
> Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
> Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away,
> Roll on like the thunderbolt over the plain,
> We'll come back in glory or come not again.

But, Mr. Speaker, the genius of Mr. HARTRIDGE as a lawyer and his judgment and wisdom as a counselor and legislator had become so well known to his fellow-citizens that they would not permit him to remain long in the military service. About one year after he became a soldier, he was called by his constituents from the tented field to occupy a seat in the Congress of the Confederate States, and of that body he continued to be a member until the close of the war.

Resuming the practice of his profession, he was soon in the enjoyment of a lucrative business, and by his energy, industry, and superior ability gained for himself a conspicuous position and honorable distinction as a lawyer. In 1874 he was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, and so well and faithfully did he serve his constituents and his country that he was re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress. Here, in the city of Washington, at his post and in the discharge of duty, he was called to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. In the vigor of his manhood he has been stricken down—has gone to his long home, and we are left to sadly mourn his departure.

By the death of JULIAN HARTRIDGE this House, his native State, and the whole country have sustained a great loss. The grand demonstration which was witnessed on the occasion of his funeral illustrated the fact that he was greatly beloved by the citizens of Savannah; and as evidence of his worth and the admiration and esteem which his brothers of the bar had for him, I will quote from the preamble and resolutions which were adopted by them a few days after his death.

They say:

> His character was free, open, and generous. His nature was noble and loving. He carried his heart in his hand. His course was always forward and manly, and he was free from all taint of hypocrisy. To younger and humbler professional brothers he was ever kind and considerate, and his hand was always extended to support, aid, and direct them. He has left in the hearts of survivors a void that cannot be filled, and he goes to his grave missed, honored, and wept.

Often, Mr. Speaker, has death entered this Hall during the present session of Congress. The solemn question suggests itself now, who will be the next? It is written: "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Address of Mr. Goode, of Virginia.

Mr. Speaker: I esteem it a privilege on this sad memorial occasion to unite with other members of this House in rendering a just tribute of respect to the memory of our departed associate and friend. It is true the voice of eulogy cannot now reach the dull, cold ear of death, or bring back to life that inanimate form which was so recently borne from this Hall, after solemn and impressive ceremonies which denoted more strongly than language could express the depth and sincerity of a nation's grief. But in all ages of the world it has been held to be not only a pious duty but a mournful pleasure to recount the virtues and perpetuate the memory of the great, the noble, and the good who have been removed from earth by the relentless hand of death.

If a stranger from some foreign land had chanced to be present here on the 9th day of January last, when the casket containing the lifeless body of Julian Hartridge was brought into this Hall, it would not have been necessary to explain to him that the nation had sustained a heavy and afflictive bereavement. The presence of the President and his Cabinet, the Senate of the United States, the members of the Supreme Court, the sad and sorrowful countenances of the members of this House, and the solemn stillness which pervaded the Hall and the crowded galleries, would have sufficed to inform him, before the Chaplain of the House had commenced the impressive services of the hour, that no ordinary man had been stricken down and suddenly cut off in the midst of a useful and honorable career.

And if he had gone with the Congressional escort to the home of the deceased in the beautiful city of Savannah, and had witnessed the imposing funeral pageant and the universal outpouring of the

people to do honor to their noble and distinguished dead; if he could have seen how the hearts of the bravest and strongest were paralyzed by the heaviness and suddenness of the blow—how an entire community, without regard to age, sex, color, or condition, was bowed down in grief and sorrow and bitterness of woe; if he could have stood at the grave, bestrewn as it was with beautiful and fragrant flowers, and had seen how many in that vast throng were unable to repress the tears which welled up from the heart, he would have felt constrained to exclaim, "Behold how they loved him!" What higher or nobler tribute could have been paid to the dead than was implied in such a demonstration from the people who had known him long and well? It was far more significant and eloquent than words.

He had been born and reared in their midst, and they had known him from his earliest childhood. They had witnessed the commencement of his professional career, and had watched with admiration and pleasure his onward and upward course, as step by step he climbed the steep "where fame's proud temple shines afar." They had seen how in a few years, by his commanding abilities and persuasive eloquence, he had attained enviable prominence at a bar whose members enjoyed not only State but national renown. They had elected him, while yet a young man, to the responsible office of solicitor-general of the circuit in which he practiced. They had witnessed his brilliant forensic triumphs when, in vindication of truth and innocence and justice, he had wielded alternately the ponderous battle-ax of a Richard or the keen scimiter of a Saladin. They had often listened to his powerful, convincing arguments, had been led captive by his beautiful rhetoric, had been melted to tears by his touching pathos, and had stood on tiptoe to catch the last receding tones of his musical voice as they died away in the court-room. Although his constitution was feeble and delicate, they had seen him when the war commenced relinquish a large and lucrative practice,

sever the ties that bound him to family and home, and, as a volunteer soldier in the ranks of his country's defenders, cheerfully encounter the hardships of the march, the privations of the camp, and the perils of the field. In a word, Mr. Speaker, the people of Savannah knew JULIAN HARTRIDGE as we could not know him here in the bustle and turmoil of Congressional life. They not only admired and were justly proud of his high intellectual endowments and his brilliant talents, but they loved him for the modesty of his demeanor, the purity of his character, the loftiness of his purpose, the nobility of his nature, the sincerity of his friendships, and his fidelity to the sacred relations of husband and father.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. HARTRIDGE commenced in February, 1862, during the dark days of the civil war, when he came to Richmond as a Representative from the State of Georgia in the Congress of the Confederate States. As a member of that body he was not only distinguished for his great powers in debate and his persuasive oratory, but for his strict attention to the interests of his constituents and his unswerving fidelity to that cause which he believed to be the cause of civil liberty and constitutional government. Although he was called upon to legislate under the most trying circumstances, while the roar of artillery could be constantly heard as he sat at his desk in the hall of representatives and the flashing of the guns could be distinctly seen from the dome of the capitol, his heroic spirit never faltered for a moment, but he continued to vote every man and every dollar required by the administration for the prosecution of the war until the cause of the Confederacy was lost and its torn and tattered banners were surrendered to overwhelming numbers at Appomattox Court House.

The war being over, he addressed himself like a true man to the work of restoration. He conceived it to be a high and patriotic duty to extinguish all the bitterness and hate of the past and to exert all his acknowledged influence in re-establishing fraternal relations

between the lately dissevered sections of the Union. As a member of the Forty-fourth Congress, and also of the Forty-fifth, he rendered valuable and conspicuous service in the consummation of that object "so devoutly to be wished." In that memorable struggle which took place in the House during the stormy days immediately preceding the 4th of March, 1877, his manly voice was heard above the din and tumult of the hour, and that voice was for peace. He did not despair of the Republic, but cherished an abiding faith that constitutional liberty would still live. In an address delivered here on the morning of the 25th of January, 1877, an address which completely electrified his hearers and was of itself sufficient to establish his reputation as one of the most splendid orators of the age, he said:

> Constitutional liberty has been before in as great straits as now, but has never been destroyed entirely. From the day when it was wrested in an unshapen, unformed condition from an English tyrant at Runnymede by the iron-mailed hands of English barons to the present hour, when it stands invested with the full stature and majesty of manhood, through all the vicissitudes of change and time and blood it has never died. Time and again it has seemed to be overthrown in the tumults of temporary revolution or destroyed by the vacillating changes of the popular will. Time and again the hand of some Tudor or Stuart, or the power of some star chamber, or the grasp of some military despotism, has seemed to crush it into dust. But each time the hand of some Hampden or the sacrifice of some Warren has proved to the world that it still existed and still claimed its followers and apostles. Ay, time and again the life has seemed to depart from its body, and, clothed in the cerements of the grave, it has been put away out of sight into what seemed to be its eternal tomb. But its disciples had only to labor and to wait, and each time some hand has been found to roll away the stone of the sepulcher; and issuing forth in all its pristine vigor and beauty, it has again shed sunshine and safety all over the land.
>
> Sir, I stand almost beneath the coat of arms of my native State engraved upon the ceiling of this Hall. There is the arch of the Constitution, supported by the three pillars, upon which, respectively, are inscribed the words "Wisdom," "Justice," and "Moderation." If these three words can be the talismans to control our action—wisdom in the concert of measures, justice in executing them for the benefit of all alike, moderation in the exercise of power—if we will act

under the inspiration of those words, and so contain and so control ourselves, we will hand down and perpetuate for posterity the great principles of constitutional liberty.

He labored for the restoration of peace, not only between the sections, but between the races also. As a citizen of Georgia and a representative man of his State he sought to cultivate the most kindly relations with the colored people. They fully appreciated his high character and his patriotic efforts in their behalf. As an evidence of their high regard and esteem for him as a citizen and a Representative I desire to place upon record the fact that upon the occasion of his funeral in the city of Savannah they made a formal request to be permitted to participate in the ceremonies. This request was gratefully and gracefully acceded to, and in accordance with the arrangements eight volunteer companies of colored troops joined in the funeral procession, and as an escort of honor accompanied the remains to their last resting-place. Such a spontaneous tribute of respect was honorable alike to all concerned. It was honorable to the distinguished dead, and honorable to the colored population of Savannah.

But, Mr. Speaker, I must forbear. Our noble, genial, and gallant friend has gone from among us forever. The seat which he once graced and adorned is now vacant. No more will we receive the friendly, cordial grasp of his hand. No more will we look upon those attractive features or listen to the musical tones of that voice which never failed to rivet attention here. While we unite to-day with the State of Georgia in rendering homage to the name of her noble and illustrious son, while we determine to emulate his virtues and keep his memory green in our hearts, let us indulge the hope that—

We may find in death
  A hiding-place with God
Secure from woe and sin, till called
  To share his blest abode.
Cheered by this hope, we wait
  Through toil and care and grief
Till our appointed course is run,
  And death shall bring relief.

Address of Mr. Cutler, of New Jersey.

Mr. Speaker: Julian Hartridge was not a stranger to me when we entered the Forty-fourth Congress together. True, we had never met prior to the convention of that Congress, but warm personal friends of the deceased—then residents of my district, formerly of his—while equally warm personal friends of mine—former constituents of mine, then of his—had made me acquainted with his manly virtues, social life, sterling integrity, and eminent abilities, so that on that day we met not as strangers, but as acquaintances, and I am proud to say that such acquaintance ripened into a warm and generous friendship, and that friendship was an earnest to me that the estimate of our mutual friends was eminently correct, and often thereafter in social converse have we talked o'er and o'er the surroundings and associations of those friends, who had selected their new homes, by reason of business relations or choice, in the mild and salubrious climate of his own district or in the bracing, invigorating, and life-giving atmosphere of mine.

When we the Representatives separated at the holiday vacation to return to our homes to enjoy that festive season, no member on this floor could have looked forward with more certainty of life than he, none surely bore greater external evidence of health than he, and when, immediately upon our return, with bated breath and whispering sound we were told that Julian Hartridge was dead—when scarcely one knew that he was sick—the involuntary exclamation from each was, "Who next?"

Fifteen days had not elapsed since Williams and Douglas had gone. 'Tis true their hairs were silvered, their cheeks were furrowed, and their eyes were dimmed, yet their deaths were unexpected, ay, they were sudden; yet we consoled ourselves with the reflection "age brings

death," and none supposed that our friend with such a fine physique, in early manhood, with vigorous health, would be the next victim; but the destroyer came, disregarding all these apparent safeguards of life, and severed at a blow the relations of husband, father, friend, and colleague.

It is for me simply to add my tribute to him as a friend and colleague.

As a friend, he was true, honorable, actuated by principle, moderate in counsel, just in estimate, with a suavity of manner, gentleness of expression, and a heart full to overflowing with tender and kind emotions. All who came in contact with him were attracted by his personal magnetism, and by his equable temperament and strong will he retained all that came.

As a legislator, he was broad, liberal, and conservative. Although a Southern Representative, his whole legislative life was but an earnest that his fondest hope, his heart's desire was for a united country, a Union reconstructed on the basis of love, mutual confidence, and mutual interests; for when poisoned shafts for party purposes have been hurled in this Chamber, to incite old passions and revive dead issues that have been quenched in blood, he allowed them to fall upon the "bosses of his buckler" unheeded, and if they pierced through and punctured the finer recesses of his soul, and rankled in his heart, yet he never plucked them out and hurled them back. He felt that he was serving his native South to better advantage and inciting his common country to acts of reconciliation and love by closing the wound from public gaze and allowing time to do equal and exact justice. Time moves slow, but will overtake with vengeance that one, or combination, that attempts for party success or personal ambition to revive the issues of the dead past. Oh, when will statesmen, when will Representatives learn the lesson of the hour, and answer responsive to the throbbings of the great heart of the American people when they cry out, "Let the dead Past bury its dead!"

The American people with uplifted hands are begging, beseeching, praying, that we shall legislate for the present and the future. We have learned the fearful lesson taught of the past; we have drank of its bitter waters; let those lessons and those draughts be a reminder to us that our care is for the prosperity and happiness of a people united under a common flag with a common object and for a common destiny; and I cannot refrain from quoting here the words of a distinguished member on this floor, Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio, at the commencement of this session, when he said:

So far as I have studied the current of public thought and of political feeling in this country, no feeling has shown itself more strongly than the tendency of the public mind in the past few months. The man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues will find himself without a party and without support.

Mr. Speaker, to show JULIAN HARTRIDGE in the double relation of friend and legislator, I extract from one of his speeches the following. It was in the heat of debate, without preparation.

The object of the introduction of this amendment is self-evident. The partisan purpose which it is intended to subserve is easily recognized by every intelligent mind. I should not rise to oppose it were it not for the fact that it does gross injustice to an honorable and gallant gentleman, and endeavors to cast an imputation upon a portion of the people of the State which I have the honor in part to represent.

The people of Augusta, Georgia, have no immediate Representative on this floor. The hand of Providence pressing heavily upon their gifted Representative prevents him from raising his voice, as he would do if here, in defense of the honor of his constituents; but there is no Georgian upon this floor who will not feel it his duty, his pride, and his pleasure to enter his protest against any imputation such as that conveyed by this amendment against a community distinguished for its intelligence, for its integrity, for its virtue, and for its obedience to the laws and the Constitution.

An investigation is going on conducted by the governor of South Carolina through his official agents, his attorney-general, his adjutant-general, and his coroners holding inquests over the bodies of those unfortunate dead. It would

have been well to have waited until that inquest had given to the world the result of its determination before casting this fire-brand into this assembly.

His earnest desire was for a reunited country, and to the accomplishment of that end he devoted his entire energy. His whole legislative life was imbued with the principle, "On earth peace, good will toward men"; and he became a power, for in addition to the natural magnetism of his nature he possessed a cultured mind, strict integrity, unvarying principle, and fervid eloquence.

How well I remember, never shall I forget, and in memory I see him now, as he stood then, where I now stand under the ægis of his own noble and beloved State, looking up to the emblem of her sovereignty and drawing inspiration from it, with what feeling, with what pathos, with what eloquence, was answered by the involuntary and prolonged responses of applause that re-echoed through the halls of this Chamber, not only from the members but from the crowded galleries, when he uttered the following tribute to his native State:

Sir, I stand almost beneath the coat of arms of my native State, engraved upon the ceiling of this Hall. There is the arch of the Constitution, supported by the three pillars, upon which respectively are inscribed the words "Wisdom", "Justice", and "Moderation". If these three words can be the talismans to control our action—wisdom in the concert of measures, justice in executing them for the benefit of all alike, moderation in the exercise of power—if we will act under the inspiration of those words, and so contain and so control ourselves, we will hand down and perpetuate for posterity the great principles of constitutional liberty. [Applause.]

"Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," have been spoken over his grave, yet he lives and always will live in our memory; and his colleagues in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses will always refer to him with no other feelings but those of pleasure, and will ever speak of him as a friend sincere, a man true, a legislator pure. I loved him as a friend for his sincerity; I sorrow for him as a legislator for his purity and patriotism; he was ever forgetful of self. I admired him as a colleague, for he had talents the possession

of which it was not a sin for any of us to envy him in the enjoyment of, and had virtues which we ought to emulate.

I mourn him gone, but he is not dead, for—

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And right in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears the belovéd things away,
And then we call them "dead."

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near, as though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death!

Address of Mr. Bell, of Georgia.

Mr. Speaker: The whole country received the announcement that Julian Hartridge was dead, with consternation and sorrow. The people of Georgia have enshrined his memory in their hearts and placed upon his bier their immortelles, dripping with the tears of their anguish. The summons came to him in the vigor of his manhood and the full maturity of his powers, and closed a useful and brilliant career with scarcely a note of warning. We are prepared for the demise of the aged and the infirm, and we watch the flickering of life's lamp in them with emotions similar to those with which

we look upon the mellow glow of a summer sunset. The grave then loses something of its terrors as we contemplate it as the resting-place of a weary pilgrimage. Ignoring the sad truth that humanity is subjected to the universal law of suffering and death, we assign to life's duration the limit which age alone prescribes. We seem to forget that—

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set;—but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Death palsies the arm of the warrior, and he drops from his nerveless grasp the shattered spear. It stills the tongue of the orator, and the senate and the forum are silent. It severs the chord in the tide of song, and the harp of the minstrel hangs upon the willow. It drinks from the blushes of beauty the mingled hues of the rose and lily, and the reptiles of the grave banquet upon the lips our love has pressed. Every age and every clime is monumental with its symbols and strewn with the trophies of its conquests.

And still we are startled when its victim is selected from the strong, suddenly stricken down in the full-orbed splendor of manhood's high meridian, leaving exalted position vacant, and forever blighting the promise of future honor and usefulness to country and kind. The estimation in which the lamented HARTRIDGE was held by the people of his native State is shown by the honors conferred upon him living, and the grief with which they mourn him dead. He was born in the city of Savannah, and spent the gambols of his childhood and won the triumphs of his manhood in that beautiful city that keeps vigil like a weeping vestal over the repose of his ashes.

JULIAN HARTRIDGE commenced his education in the schools of his native State and completed it at Brown University in Rhode Island, graduating with high distinction. He selected the law as his profession and attended for a period the law school at Cambridge,

Massachusetts. Soon after his admission to the bar the people of his country, always distinguished for their wisdom in selecting their ablest men for official trusts, returned him to the legislature, in which, at a bound, he placed himself in the front rank of the wise men of the State as an eloquent speaker, ready debater, and practical legislator. He was a delegate to the historic national Democrati cconvention that met in Charleston in 1860. Returned to the Confederate Congress in 1861, he was re-elected in 1863 and served as a member of that body during the existence of the Confederacy.

He was chosen chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic party of the State of Georgia in 1871, delegate for the State at large to the national Democratic convention in 1872, and elector for the State at large on the Greeley and Brown ticket in the Presidential campaign. He was elected a Representative from the first district of Georgia to the Forty-fourth Congress and re-elected to the Forty-fifth, of which he was an honored and useful member at the time of his death. He was always fully equal to the emergency surrounding him, discharging the duties of every official position to which he was called to the gratification of his friends and the admiration of his enemies. He recognized in the law a jealous mistress, and paid chivalric court at her shrine. He entered the lists for professional trial and professional triumph with a bar illustrated with the learning and adorned with the virtues of Berrien, Charlton, and Law, and soon the lance of the youthful knight was gleaming at its head. He was elected by the legislature solicitor-general of the eastern judicial circuit, and the certainty with which criminals were convicted and crime punished attested the ability and fidelity with which he met the obligations and discharged the duties of that responsible office.

His thorough culture, his sense of justice, his love of right, and his powers of analysis eminently fitted him for success at the bar. His statement of the questions of law in his case had the clearness and

force of argument, and his representation of the facts the merit of fairness and candor. Repudiating mere *dicta* as authority, he venerated the precedents established by the great lights of the law based upon authority and sustained by reason. He seized with promptness the controlling points of his case and fortified them with authority until his position was impregnable, and then assailed his adversary in his weak points by harassing sorties from his chosen stronghold. His position thus taken and his authorities arranged, he brought to his argument the aid of a style of singular vigor and perspicuity. He aroused the indignation of juries against wrong with blistering invective and won them to his cause and his client with the appeals of a melting pathos.

He added to a handsome person the accomplishment of graceful action and the power of a charming voice. His elocution was faultless; you could neither add nor reject a word without marring its beauty or impairing its harmony. The sentences were so constructed as to evolve the exact thought with the greatest possible force, and to flow in "Pierian streams of transparent, cool, and sweet." The multitude hung like the bees of Hybla upon his lips to catch the sweetness his eloquence distilled. His mind, trained in the disputations of the forum in intellectual gladiatorship with lawyers of the highest order of ability, who came together like electric clouds, flashing as they met, acquired wonderful powers of activity and concentration; and these powers, marshaled by him for the ascertainment and defense of truth, were wielded with the skill of a master.

The truth was his guiding star in all his investigations. He sought it by the nearest ways and plainest methods that earnest inquiry and thorough search could discover. His resources of learning supplied him with rich stores of classical illustration which were used not to embellish, but to intensify his logic. Criminal prosecutions involving the death penalty fully developed his transcendent powers of advo-

cacy. The announcement that HARTRIDGE would address the jury in a murder case was the signal for an admiring multitude to crowd the court-room. The reports of the supreme court of Georgia contain the evidence of his research and learning as a jurist. He was averse to the irksome drudgery of routine labor, but delighted in the investigation and solution of new and difficult problems of law and political economy. Brave as Cæsar, he was modest as a maiden. He had an exalted conception of the amenities and proprieties of life in its private, professional, and public relations.

He seldom spoke in the House of Representatives, his sensitive nature revolting at the struggle for the floor which frequently characterizes its proceedings, and his modesty recoiling at the thought of thrusting a speech on unwilling auditors; but when he did speak he always confined himself to the question, enlightened the House, and commanded its attention. His speech on the electoral commission, and the one delivered at the last session on the bill to prevent the introduction into the United States of contagious and infectious diseases, are fine models of parliamentary eloquence. The world is unwilling to concede excellence in more than one department of intellectual superiority, but his professional brethren who knew him best have accorded to him rare powers of advocacy and great learning as a jurist, and by common consent have assigned him his position at their head.

Of his statesmanship it is scarcely necessary to speak in this presence; decided in his convictions, ardent in his patriotism, comprehensive in his views, and intensely devoted to the Constitution of his country, he was a model Representative of an intelligent and patriotic constituency. To appreciate the social qualities of JULIAN HARTRIDGE it was necessary to know him intimately. Beneath an apparently cold exterior was concealed an affluence of genial nature, warm friendship, and tender sensibility. At his desk, during the last session of Congress, he grasped my hand warmly, and in the absence of

any suggestion leading or referring to the subject, with evident emotion said:

I am regarded as cold, distant, and proud, but no man has ever been so misunderstood; there never was a greater mistake. There never was a warmer heart than mine. The truth is, it arises from a defect in my vision. I am near-sighted, and cannot recognize my dearest friends at any distance from me. I would give the world if it were otherwise.

Although I had been acquainted with him for twenty years, I never knew nor appreciated him until that moment. It developed in him the possession of a large endowment of those rare and high qualities which constitute the charm of social life, beautifully and comprehensively called—

The softer green of the soul.

His countrymen have twined for his memory the wreath of laurel and cypress—the insignia of their pride and the symbol of their sorrow; and his friends have dropped upon his new-made grave friendship's last offering, the tribute of their tears.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

In the death of my late colleague the Republic has lost a patriotic citizen and a wise statesman, the profession an eloquent advocate and a learned jurist, society a courtly gentleman and a brilliant ornament, and his family a devoted husband and affectionate father. All that is left to them of JULIAN HARTRIDGE is the heritage of his wisdom, the light of his example, and the memory of his virtues. Time will mitigate our grief, and in the rush and whirl of busy life other thoughts will engage our attention, but there is a sad home in

the sunny South within whose broken circle there are bleeding hearts for the healing of which earth has no balm.

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mold,
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

The influence of wealth, the resources of learning, and the authority of power, all stand dumb and helpless in the presence of death. It is the solution of all the rivalries, struggles, and achievements of time. Surrounded with blighted hopes and funeral trains, the broken heart of humanity through all time has pressed the question of the suffering patriarch of Uz, "If a man die shall he live again?" The quivering spirit whose insatiable thirst for immortality attests the divinity of its origin and the duration of its destiny, kindles with joy as it catches the response from the rejected Nazarine at Bethany, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From place to place we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing true but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even,
And love and joy and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing *lives* but heaven.

ADDRESS OF MR. FELTON, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: "In the midst of life we are in death." This is one of the most impressive sentences in the English language. We

may delude ourselves that the "dread destroyer" is far from us; that we are strong and authorized to rejoice in our strength, but we never remain undisturbed in our fancied security.

Every day we see the great in fame, the mighty in wealth, and the beautiful in health fall around us. Nothing is secure. Death alone is certain.

The business pursuits of life may be engaging and active; family and friends may gather near, and their loving dependence may bind them closer to us; highways of pleasure fringed with perpetual spring, may stretch out before us, and we may see in the future rich and fruitful rewards for our labors; political and professional honors may wreathe themselves around the brow, while a cultivated intellect, quickened by a laudable ambition, gives assurance of increasing distinction and greater usefulness: yet,

> The hour concealed and so remote the fear,
> Death draws still nearer, never seeming near.

My deceased colleague, Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, was honored by Georgia in early life. When he was a young man the State placed him in important positions of public trust, and his future promised a long continuance of well-deserved honors and an increase of public duties which he would have met zealously and with credit to himself and to his native State.

His legal ability was generally recognized, and whether he sought distinction as a statesman or as a jurist, the path seemed easy of access, leading to a realization of his fondest hopes.

Surrounded by a beautiful family, blessed with an attractive home, honors hanging plentifully over his head, and rejoicing in the strength of mature manhood, the destroyer marked him for his own, and, with the briefest warning, he was called to leave all life's treasures and enter the unknown world.

I add my tribute of respect and admiration for this noble Georgian,

and desire to unite with the people of my State in the grief with which they mourn his loss.

No feeble words of mine will add to his fame; nor can I express the grief felt or the great loss which our State has sustained in giving up this favored son. He does not need the voice of eulogy. His record is inscribed upon the history of his State. With heartfelt sympathy for the inmates of that home made desolate by his untimely death, and gratefully reverencing the memory of a colleague who fell at his post of duty, we take our final adieu. I was at his bedside a few hours before his death. I found him calm and hopeful—a philosopher, a scholar, a statesman, and a patriot awaiting his end.

The question was taken upon the resolutions, and they were unanimously agreed to; and thereupon (at five o'clock and twenty-five minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

JANUARY 9, 1879.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. GEORGE M. ADAMS, its Clerk, announced that the House had passed a resolution providing that the funeral ceremonies of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative in that body from the State of Georgia, shall be held at three o'clock p. m. this day in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and inviting the Senate to attend at that hour.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be reported by the Secretary.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January* 9, 1879.

Resolved, That the funeral ceremonies of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a Representative in this body from the State of Georgia, be held at three o'clock p. m. this day in this Hall.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate and invite the Senate to attend the said funeral ceremonies.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution and ask for its consideration:

Resolved, That, pursuant to the invitation of the House of Representatives, the Senate will attend the funeral ceremony of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia, in the Hall of the House of Representatives this day at three o'clock.

The resolution was considered and agreed to unanimously.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, the resolution of the Senate provided that the Senate should proceed at three o'clock to the Hall of the House. I understand that it is desirable that the Senators should be seated there by three o'clock. I move, therefore, that the Senate now proceed to the Hall of the House of Representatives.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate proceeded to the Hall of the House of Representatives, headed by the Vice-President and Secretary, and preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Senate returned to its Chamber at four o'clock and fifteen minutes p. m., and the Vice-President resumed the chair.

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Rhode Island moves that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at four o'clock and sixteen minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

MARCH 1, 1879.

Mr. GORDON. Mr. President, I move that the Senate now proceed to the consideration of the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the death of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, of Georgia.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be reported.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the House do now suspend the consideration of other business, in order to pay proper respect to the memory of the lamented deceased.

Resolved, That in token of regard for the memory of the lamented

deceased the members of this House do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That out of further respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

Mr. GORDON. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate receives with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia, and tenders to the family and kindred of the deceased the assurance of sympathy under their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased the members and officers of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: No higher tribute can be paid to our common humanity than to assert the truth that no man dies without leaving some mourner over his ashes. No life is so obscure, its light so dim, but that its going out leaves a shadow on some other life, and the length of that shadow, the extent of the sorrow felt at his death, is in some degree the measure of a man's usefulness while living.

Tested by this rule, the distinguished man to whose memory we now pay tribute had already filled, though scarcely in the prime of his manhood, a sphere of exalted and extended usefulness.

Born and reared amid the refinements of the most cultivated society; accustomed to the companionship of the ablest and most

distinguished men of his State and section; commanding the respect and even the admiration of the Representatives of the entire Union, with whom he had served, he nevertheless won and held to the last the confidence, esteem, and affection of the unlettered, the poor, and the friendless among his constituents. His generous philanthropy and noble sympathies touched the whole circle of humanity at its every point, and all classes and creeds among the people he served mourned his death as that of a champion and friend.

It was my fortune, sir, to be one of the committee who bore back to his home by the sea and to a confiding constituency all that was mortal of JULIAN HARTRIDGE. It was my fortune to observe the extent of the loss to his people and the demonstrations of popular affection, of gratitude, and of grief. Could you, sir, have witnessed, as I did, the spectacle of the entire population of his native city thronging its streets and following his remains to the grave, you would agree with me that it was a demonstration worthy the memory of any man. Such an exhibition of sorrow, felt alike by both races, at the death of a Representative from a Southern State, under the peculiar untoward circumstances which surround us, will be, when rightly understood, a revelation and a sermon to those who now misapprehend us. Like every true Representative of Southern sentiment, JULIAN HARTRIDGE was a friend to the colored race, receiving its recognition and gratitude while he lived and its homage when dead. I ask permission in this connection to quote from a speech made by him during an exciting debate in the House of Representatives. He said, referring to the colored race:

> There is some feeling on our part toward this race among whom we were born and reared, and with whom we daily live. There is scarcely one of us upon this floor from that section who can look back to the days of his infancy or childhood without seeing something to bring up pleasant and loved memories in connection with this race. For my part, were I to seek to outrage this colored race, there would rise up to rebuke me the memory of the nurse of my infant years—the memory of her whose bosom, although dark with the hue of slavery, yet tenderly and

softly pillowed my infant head; whose hands, although hardened by toil, yet kindly ministered to my infant wants; whose voice, although untrained and untutored, sweetly sang the lullaby that soothed my infant slumbers. I tell you, gentlemen, there are ties of interest, there are ties of policy, there are ties of memory and the best emotions of the heart to bind the white people of the South to the colored race. [Applause.]

Sir, to the sincerity with which he spoke these eloquent words, let the scene I am about to describe bear witness. Around the hall in which his remains were laid, and along the streets and at his grave, were the congregated thousands of Savannah's colored inhabitants. In the formal and grand procession which escorted his body to the tomb, the splendidly equipped colored infantry and artillery marched, at their own solicitation, with solemn tread and reverent mien. His former slaves, freed from servitude for more than thirteen years, many of them with heads whitened by age, vied with each other for the honor of bearing his coffin.

But, sir, there was another incident connected with this demonstration which I think worthy of special mention because it not only bears witness to the character of Mr. HARTRIDGE and the sincerity of his professions, but is a silent, impressive tribute to that peculiar institution under which he was born and reared, now passed away forever. In advance of Congressional committee, taking precedence over distinguished visitors and even of his kindred, accompanying the bereaved wife and children of our deceased friend, as members of his immediate household, were the family servants. First among these was that old colored nurse, her form bent with age and quivering with grief, whose bosom, in his own impressive language, had pillowed his head in infancy, whose hands had ministered to his wants, and who had so often sung her untutored but gentle "lullaby" over his "infant slumbers." Sir, I am tempted to say in this connection that there are myriads of such ties and memories which, undisturbed by adverse influences, would be the surest, safest, and most enduring

guarantee of the progress and the political and personal rights of both races at the South.

Mr. President, I shall not attempt a biographical sketch of the life of Mr. HARTRIDGE, nor make specific references to his triumphs at the bar, on the hustings, or in deliberative assemblies. This has been done in a manner most satisfactory by his colleagues in the House. I prefer to attempt a brief analysis of those splendid endowments of mind, of heart, and of person which so distinguished him.

With a vigor of intellect and a magnetic presence that gave him command of men; with a rigid integrity and love of justice that gave him the confidence of men; with a nature the melody and harmony of whose sympathies gave him the love of men; with an eloquence and strength of utterance persuasive and convincing; with a love of his whole country that quickened into new life the dormant patriotism of others, it is not too much to say of him that there is no height of distinction nor breadth of usefulness to which he might not reasonably have aspired.

His chief mental defect seemed to have been an indisposition to great intellectual effort. That his mind was one of unusual brilliancy none who knew him well will deny; and yet while his influence in the House was great, he rarely spoke. There was in him a hidden or rather repressed power, which, when fully aroused under the guidance of a beautiful culture and of a heart devoted to truth, was almost irresistible before juries of the people, or in deliberative bodies.

His character is a fit counterpart of his mental endowments. Too brave to know fear, he shrank from an act of cruelty or injustice with the timidity of a child. Too proud to brook an insult or to give one, yet his spirit was as gentle as a woman's, and as tender in the depth and sweetness of his affections.

He was without hypocrisy or affectation, and so despised the least semblance of ostentation as to give him at times the manner of austere reserve. Behind this distant manner, however, there was a native

courtesy, sincere and knightly, a generosity almost prodigal, a capacity for friendships devoted and true, and a geniality of temper uniform and perennial. How could he be otherwise? Men are molded, Mr. President, not only by the influences of home and its associations, but by the peculiar civilization under which they are reared, and even by the climate and the scenery of the country around them. JULIAN HARTRIDGE grew up under a civilization whose center was the home and the home affections, under a climate where the blue skies were rarely overcast but by a passing cloud, where the air was genial, soft, and balmy, and where the forests were clad in perpetual green.

His death, so sudden and unexpected to his friends, was not a surprise to him. He heard the muffled tread of the grim king, and spoke freely of his approach. He stood calmly on the verge of the undiscovered country, on the crest of that great water-shed from which flow in opposite directions the rivers of time and of eternity—the one backward to the ever lost, the other forward to the everlasting; and while we were yet hoping for his recovery he peacefully crossed that dark line we all must pass which separates this life from the vast and vague unknown. His career was short, his life closing at its noon, while the sun was still shining on higher eminences just before him. It closed on a career incomplete, yet pure, bright, and honorable, and before the shadows of age had darkened his intellectual vision or dimmed one ray of his genius.

In his beautiful southern home we have buried him, near those wild and weird and enchanting solitudes which he ardently loved and from which he drew so much inspiration in his boyhood and maturer years. Over his grave will grow the flowers that never fade, and the ceaseless music of the pines will fitly emblem the grief of his grateful people.

Address of Mr. Booth, of California.

Mr. President: When an observance like this occurs in the busy hours of a closing session it is apt to seem like an idle ceremony. The duties of public life are so varied and pressing, its calls so incessant, its avocations so absorbing, that there is little time left for sentiment or the indulgence of grief.

Our numbers are constantly changing by death and by the vicissitudes of political fortune; but the leave-taking is short, and the business of to-morrow will make the grief of to-day only a memory. "The strong hours conquer us." It will be so when we shall severally disappear—even those of you, Senators, who play the greatest parts on this great stage. The actor makes his exit; and however well he may have performed his part, whatever plaudits he may have won, the curtain does not fall, and the play goes on.

The time has gone by, if indeed it ever was, when the loss of any life will seriously influence the permanent direction of public affairs. It is true that no man's place can be filled by another; it is equally true that it is not essential it should be. In the vast aggregate the value of the largest unit is scarcely appreciable. A heart has ceased to beat; it is one of millions. The struggle of a life has ended; the struggle of human life never ends. How insignificant is the individual life to the whole of humanity! Yet what an awful gift it is to each of its possessors, this strange personality of ours, which isolates us from all else and yet makes all that is a part of us. Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor past, nor present can be, save as they are a part of us.

Life with its possibilities is an awful gift, and when it is bereft the event is unspeakably solemn. Custom familiarizes us with the forms of death, fashion hides their significance with pageantry; only the

"stricken heart of love" realizes with what dark eclipse they come. It is well that we should pause, even in the busiest hours, when a comrade falls, not more as a mark of respect for his memory than to receive for our own good the lesson of his life and death.

The memory of JULIAN HARTRIDGE cannot be other than a priceless possession, even in their sorrow, to those who loved him. It was not my pleasure to know him, but by order of the Senate I was one of the committee which attended his remains from this Capitol to the beautiful city where he was born, where he was married, where his children were born to him, where he had spent his whole life, and where he is buried with his fathers. In that community which had known him all the days of his life, all his outgoings and incomings, I felt that I knew him too. There was a tenderness in the mention of his name by all classes, which only a life filled with tender respect for the rights and feelings of others could have won. There was a warmth of expression that showed how he had grappled his friends with hooks of steel. There was that high respect which is only conquered by a life of probity and courage.

I think his life must have been a happy one. The lines seem to me to have fallen to him in pleasant places. No life is free from struggles, trials, temptations, and failures, of which the world little knows, and the deepest scars are within. His life was in a great epoch. It marks its great transition, that the slaves who had borne him on their backs and fondled him on their knees in his childhood, as *free men* tenderly carried his body to the grave; still loving the dear young master, panoplied in American citizenship, they walked beside his hearse. His lot was cast with a community cultivated, tasteful, generous, hospitable, and self-respectful. There he lived for fifty years, and dying left no enemy or reproachful friend. Who of us can desire or deserve a more fragrant memory?

ADDRESS OF MR. WADLEIGH, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In addressing the Senate on this occasion I feel an embarrassment which I can hardly express. I had no personal acquaintance with JULIAN HARTRIDGE; he was known to me only by reputation. Such knowledge illy qualifies me to speak of him in fitting terms. We acquire in familiar intercourse an insight into human character such as can be gained in no other way. How often in our experience the prejudices of half a life-time disappear in the associations we form in this Chamber. If the people of the different sections of our country could know each other as we do it would remove many common misunderstandings and tend to national unity.

But against Mr. HARTRIDGE I never entertained any prejudice. He seemed one of those men, unhappily too rarely found, whose character seems to disarm hostile criticism. All who knew him seem to agree that he was a good lawyer and a good legislator; that his great natural powers were trained and strengthened by careful education, and that beneath a reserved exterior he had that warmth of heart and those generous impulses which win and keep friends. That he had the confidence of his constituents all agree. On a recent occasion when political passion threatened to fan into destructive life the dying embers of civil war his voice and influence were thrown into the scale of peace. Feeling how much our country needs statesmen capable of rising above the demands of party when the union and prosperity of our common country require it, I cannot but mourn over the death of one who had given promise of such patriotic liberality.

Representing as he did in part the Empire State of the South, he could have aided much in welding strongly to the Union that great commonwealth, and in bringing to her people that peace, that justice,

and that harmony so essential to her welfare. In his death I think she has sustained a great loss.

Can we look upon the frequent invasion of these Halls by death without feelings of deep solemnity and awe? Sir, they forcibly remind us how frail a barrier separates us from the unseen world to which we are swiftly hastening and of the imperious duty which rests upon us to conscientiously perform the duties we owe to our country and our God.

Mr. GORDON. I ask that the Senate agree to the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions presented by the Senator from Georgia.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. GORDON. I move as an additional mark of respect that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at six o'clock and forty-two minutes a. m. Monday, March 3) the Senate adjourned.

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